

THE FALL OF CHARLESTON

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GEN. GILLMORE.

450 CANNON CAPTURED.

MADE EN ROUTE TO CHARLOTTE, N. C.

HOOD RE-ENFORCING BEAUREGARD.

Account by Our Special Correspondent.

PARTICULARS OF THE EVACUATION.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE NEGROES.

ALL THE COTTON BURNED.

400,000 BUSHELS OF RICE SEIZED.

The City Surrenders to Negro Troops.

The John Brown Song Sung in Charleston.

The U. S. Transport, Arago, Henry A. Gadsden, commanding, from Port Royal, S. C., via Charleston Harbor (25th inst.) received the news of the burning of Columbia, S. C., on the 24th inst., by Gen. Sherman. Also the report that Augusta had been taken possession of by our troops.

We are indebted to Fred. W. Ely, Purser of the steamer Arago, for the prompt delivery of our correspondence and newspaper packages.

Gen. Gillmore's Official Report.
WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
Wednesday, March 1, 1865—8:10 p. m.
To Major-Gen. DIX, New-York: The following telegram from Gen. Gillmore has been transmitted to this Department.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.
"HONORABLE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH."
"CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 26, 1865."
"Lieutenant-Gen. U. S. GRANT, and Major-Gen. H. W. HALLOCK, Chief of Staff, Washington."

"An inspection of the Rebel defenses of Charleston shows that we have taken over four hundred and fifty (450) pieces of ordnance, being more than double what I last reported. The list includes eight and ten-inch Columbiads, a great many 32 and 42 pounder rifles, some seven-inch Brooks Rifles, and many pieces of foreign make.

"We also captured eight locomotives and a great number of passenger and platform cars, all in good condition.

"Deserters report that the last of Hardee's army was to have crossed the Santee River yesterday, bound for Charleston, N. C., and that it was feared that Sherman had already intercepted their march.

"It is reported, on similar authority, that the last of Hood's Army, 12,000 strong, passed through Augusta, last Sunday, the 19th, on the way to Beauregard.

"Georgetown has been evacuated by the enemy, and is now in our possession.

"Deserters are coming in constantly. We have over 300 already."

"Q. A. GILLMORE, Major-Gen. Commanding."

ACCOUNT BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

RELIEF TO SAVANNAH.

The brig Samuel Welch has arrived at Savannah. It carries the provisions contributed by Philadelphia for the relief of the people of the conquered city. They are valued at \$20,000. Archibald Getty, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Durbin, the agents of the donors, have been here some days. The provisions will be distributed by the same agencies that were employed by New-York and Boston.

Mr. Getty was informed by one of the aldermen that in two districts of Savannah, containing 1,500 families, only seven were found who did not accept tickets for the provisions contributed by Boston and New-York.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 20, 21, 22, 1865.

Here begins the reopening of THE TRIBUNE'S special correspondence from Charleston, which has been suspended since the early period of the great Rebellion against the progress of the Democratic idea in America, and its grandest and purest incorporation in the world—the Constitution and Government of the United States. How marvelous, how vast, how sublime have been the events that have marked our history since your last representative trod the streets of this insurgent city! Then it was ruled with a rod of iron by a barbarous and aristocratic class, inflated and inflated by two centuries of power; proud of their position, glorying in their shame; confident of their ability to arrest and turn back the advancing tide of Northern civilization; detesting its apostles (the Christians) once hated the disciples of the Christ, whom they had long and everywhere persecuted to the death; then they were so bold and strong and fierce that the bravest hearts among us, those who loved the Union above all earthly goods, were doubtful at times of the final triumph of the nation and the right. It was the high carnival of despotism in America, the Belshazzar's Feast of the Slaveholder. The writing on the wall was visible to but one eye in all the delirious city—one voice only read the impending doom afloat. All heard the voice, but none saw the man. He wore the Tribune's cloak of darkness. Who was he, that invisible Daniel, whom the slaveholders of Charleston sought so eagerly? Let us learn the well-kept secret now, and give honor to whom honor is due!

To-day, how changed the scene! The Rebellion, planted here, which grew as rapidly as Jonah's gourd, and threatened to blight all the land with its Upsa shadow, is withering up now as quickly as did the prophet's! City after city, State after State, is being dragged into the sunlight of freedom, and already we see, no longer afar off, but near at hand, the dawning of the day of liberty. For, our "Babylon the great has fallen, has fallen," and its setting is the rise of the sun of liberty.

SUNDAY—NEWS AT HILTON HEAD.

The General's boat, on which we went from the Fulton, instead of returning to Charleston, as we had hoped and expected, steamed on toward Hilton Head. The news created universal joy there. Every vessel in the harbor, every official building on the land, sang out on banner to the breeze in honor of the occupation of the Rebel stronghold.

At noon both the navy and the army fired national salutes. In the colored churches the victory was mentioned with a trembling and appropriate solemnity.

At 10 o'clock the General's boat was again ready, and at 11 o'clock it carried a large number of officers and

New-York Tribune.

VOL. XXIV.....No. 7,458.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1865.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

civilians, and a goodly delegation of representatives of the press.
Gen. Webster and staff, and Col. Woodford of New-York (the Provost-Marshal-General), and Col. Markland, the United States Mail Agent, were among the passengers of the U. S. Grant.

COL. WOODFORD'S RETURN.

Col. Woodford, it may be remembered, was at Charleston during the early Secession excitement. He had once run for the Legislature of New-York, on the Republican or Fremont ticket. This fact became known in Charleston, and a committee of citizens waited on him at his hotel. They notified him that he was regarded as an Abolitionist, and suspected of being the correspondent of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. He denied the second count of Judge Lynch's indictment, but left the city at the earliest opportunity. The correspondence was still kept up! He goes back now to rule the city which so recently expelled him.

IN THE DAY.

We lay off the harbor for several hours before day-break, when the trip to the city was resumed. A brisk breeze was blowing from the land, but its chilliness kept none of the passengers inside. Every eye was eagerly gazing at the broad stream, the ruins, the forts, the distant city, the ships-of-war, the blockade-runners, and the monitors, which formed the salient features of the scenery before us. To the left lay Morris Island, with Fort Wagner and the Cummings's Point batteries; further off, on the shore, large mounds of sand—the Rebel "battery B," a little further up, with our flag flying over it, Fort Gregg; to the right, on the low sandy shore, with one or two little groves of palmettos near by, the earthworks of Fort Moultrie; between them, apparently a mass of ruins in the middle of the stream, but really one of the most formidable fortifications in the world, was the renowned Fort Sumter; and behind it lay Castle Pinckney, with its cannon pointed at us, and the captured city, where Rebellion was begotten and born, and began its career of carnage and desolation.

It is not merely what we see, but the memories awakened, that make landscapes full of charm or of interest. Under other circumstances, and at any other time, this landscape would have drawn but few of the passengers from their berths, but now a ready plain was gazed on with profound interest as the scene of the heroic charge of the Massachusetts 54th. With the sight of the six monitors were revived recollections of that memorable fight in Hampton Roads, and of many a gallant action since; with that mass of ruined brick the Rebel was inseparably interwoven the story of how the Rebels dared to fire on our flag in the wantonness of their pride, and thereby provoked the uprising of the North and the development of the most imposing and resolute of all modern military powers. Every brain was peopled with memories of historic events, and every eye was strained to its utmost to notice with the minutest fidelity every feature of the scenery.

"YANKEE DOODLE COME TO TOWN."

As we neared the wharves the post band, which had come with us from Hilton Head, struck up the spirit-stirring air of Yankee Doodle. This tune should be heard under such circumstances to be duly appreciated.

FIRST APPEARANCES.

The wharves looked as if they had been deserted for half a century—broken down, dilapidated, grass and moss peeping up between the pavements, where once the busy feet of commerce trod incessantly. The warehouses near the river; the streets as we enter them; the houses and the stores and the public buildings—we look at them and hold our breaths in utter amazement. Every step we take increases our astonishment. No pen, no pencil, no tongue can do justice to the scene. No imagination can conceive of the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the stupendous desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin—above and below, on the right hand and the left; ruin, ruin, ruin, everywhere and always—staring at us from every paneled window; glaring at us from every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from every battered door and pillar and veranda; crouching beneath our feet on every sidewalk. Not Pompeii nor Herculaneum, nor Thebes nor the Nile have ruins so complete, so saddening, so plaintively eloquent, for they speak to us of an age, not ours, and long ago dead, with whose people and life and ideas we have no sympathy whatever. But here, on these shattered wrecks of houses—built in our own style, many of them doing credit to the architecture of our epoch—we read names familiar to us all; telling us of trades and professions and commercial institutions, which every modern city reckons up by the hundred; yet, dead, dead, dead; as silent as the grave of the Pharaohs, as deserted as the bazaars of the merchant princes of Old Tyre. Whoever among us wished to know how his spirit would feel if he were to revisit by the pale glimmers of the moon the ruins of his native city after the present civilization shall have passed away, learned it to his complete satisfaction on the morning of last Monday here. It was early—few stragglers were abroad; just enough to make the desolation the more desolate by contrast; and the stillness, not of the Sabbath, but of the desert, hung heavily over all. Hardly a building in all this part of the city—and this the business part—has escaped the terrible crashing and smashing of the shells. And right in the center of it, at least, (I should judge) ten acres of ruins, the monuments of the great fire which occurred three years ago. This is in an open space—only blackened walls and solitary chimneys remain in it. And, all around this area of desolation, are the ruined houses that still stand—"Gillmore's Town," as the negroes call it; a triumph of military skill; the art destructive of all arts; a proof to the Christian that God's judgments are sure, and that the cries of the poor are heard at The Great Throne and avenged by the all-Righteous Judge. They acted, the men who lived in these mansions and trafficked in these stores and markets, as if God were dead; as if their own will was the only standard of right; they mocked at any "higher law"; they sold the poor men in their avarice and killed the good men in their hate; when, lo! the people whom they despised rose up against them and subdued them, and the race whom they enslaved trod their street under the banners and as the comrades of their conquerors!

But, however great our astonishment, and however awe-stricken our thoughts were, we remembered that our first duty was to learn for our Northern readers not what ruin had been wrought here, but how the city was captured.

So we hurried to the newspaper offices up-town—for their old places of business had been rendered uninhabitable by the shells which sought them out—and found them, too.

A NEGRO IMAGE-BREAKER.

We found The Mercury office deserted—a negro family already quartered in the room which had been the editorial sanctum! In the front room, there were four busts of eminent Americans—one of them Calhoun. I have no respect whatever for more intellect, unless it is employed for the benefit of the race; and when it is perverted and made an engine for the oppression of the poor, I have a cordial detestation of it. These human infernal machines, these torpedoes in trousers, should be treated just as their mechanical images are treated—destroyed or put out of harm's way. Now, Calhoun did more than any one man to make slavery respectable—he used all his great powers to crush the negro.

So I hate him, I said to the negro who showed us into the room:

"That man was your great enemy—he did all he could to keep you slaves—you ought to break his bust."

She said nothing, and as I was occupied in examining

manuscripts I did not notice that she left the room. After a while, having finished my search, I thought that the bust of Calhoun would be a good trophy for THE TRIBUNE Office, and made up my mind to "spoil the Egyptians" to that extent.

The negro women were there, and I saw that the bust had disappeared. I asked her where it was.

She had "gone home" and broke it!

So perish all Queen Liberty's enemies!

The Courier office was in possession of the Provost-Marshal. After various researches, we obtained the current news of

THE EVACUATION.

The recent movements, planned by Gen. Gillmore along the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad (under Brig.-Gen. Hatch), and up Bull's Bay (a naval and military expedition under Gen. Potter), alarmed the Rebel military authorities and hastened the evacuation of the city. It was known from Rebel sources that Hardee designed to evacuate the city, but it was thought that it would take place on Wednesday, Feb. 22, or later in the week. But Potter's demonstration deceived them (for they believed that he had a very large force, while, in fact, he had but 1,500 men), and they began to leave the city on Friday. Hardee himself left Charleston on Friday night, and the last of the Rebels took their leave early on Saturday.

DESTRUCTION OF COTTON AND PUBLIC STORES.

Before leaving, details of soldiers were sent to fire every building without exception in which cotton was stored. It is estimated that 2,000 bales were consumed. The western portion of Charleston suffered severely by these fires. The cotton thus destroyed belonged chiefly to the Rebel Government; but hundreds of bales, the property of citizens shared the same fate. Thirty thousand bushels of rice, Government property, and a large warehouse filled with commissary stores, were also destroyed. The fire-engines were brought out, but were powerless to extinguish the flames. They succeeded only in preventing it from spreading.

HORRIBLE CALAMITY.

When the starving poor people heard that the public stores were being burned, they ran in great crowds to try to save some of the rice. This was about 8 o'clock in the morning. Some boys discovered where a large supply of gunpowder was stored, and amused themselves with tossing handfuls of it into the large piles of burning cotton. Suddenly the fire communicated to the magazine, and a fearful explosion took place. The scene is described as being extremely terrible. It is estimated by the citizens that upward of 150 men, women and children perished in the flames, and that nearly 500 were injured, burned and wounded. Possibly this may be an exaggerated estimate; but there are no public officers yet from whom the truth can be ascertained, and rumor is wholly untrustworthy. This frightful calamity occurred at the North-Eastern Railroad depot, which was totally destroyed. The miserable victims were seen tumbling about in agony, literally roasting alive; their wild shrieks were appalling—and all help was impossible.

DESTRUCTION OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

The flames rapidly communicated to the adjacent buildings and four large blocks were almost entirely burned down. This fire ravaged Chapel, Calhoun, East Bay and Laurens streets, in the vicinity of the N. G. Railroad depot. Two large brick buildings on the corner of East Bay and Laurens streets, and Minors' store, were also destroyed. An hour later five buildings near the Court House, on Meeting st., were added to the list of total losses by the fire. The new bridge from the city to James Island was similarly destroyed.

DESTRUCTION OF THE GUNBOATS.

While these scenes of horror were going on, the Rebel iron-clads were burning. These vessels were named the Palmetto State, the Cleopatra and the Charleston. The Palmetto State exploded with a fearful noise about 9 o'clock, and the Cleopatra followed suit shortly after. The Charleston held out till 11 o'clock, and then burst asunder. One of these iron-clads had 30 tons of gunpowder on board, and the effect of its ignition was terrific. Red hot iron plates were thrown as far as the wharf, and soon set them on fire. But the wharves were saved from destruction by the Fire Department. The gun works were in danger, but were successfully protected. We still have gas, therefore, such as it is—protected. It is made wholly of Southern pine, it is far from being a brilliant light. The Charleston Courier of Monday (No. 30,901), mentions a curious phenomenon connected with or caused by these explosions. "The explosions," it says, "were terrific. Tremendous clouds of smoke went up forming beautiful wreaths. A full Palmetto tree, with its leaves or stems, was noticed by many observers. As the last wreath of smoke disappeared, the full form of the rattle snake in the center was remarked by many as it gradually faded away."

The Courier made no comments on this significant phenomenon; but when its fugitive editors return (if they ever do come back), they will find that the Palmetto and Rattlesnake "went up" last Saturday, never to descend. They ended as the Confederacy will end—in smoke.

OUR FORCES LAND.

Lieut.-Col. A. G. Bennett of the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops, Major John A. Hennessey and Lieut. Burr of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania Vols., and Lieut. James F. Haviland, 12th N. Y. Vols., arrived in a boat at the front of the South Atlantic wharf, at 10 o'clock, on Saturday. Col. Bennett sent the following note to the Mayor of Charleston:

A SURRENDER DEMANDED.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
CHARLESTON, S. C., Feb. 18, 1865.

Major CHARLES MACARTHUR, Charleston.

MAYOR: In the name of the United States Government, I demand the surrender of the city of which you are the Executive officer.

Until further orders all citizens will remain within their houses.

I have the honor to be, Mayor, your obedient servant.

Lieut. Col. Commanding U. S. Forces, Charleston.

Before receiving this note the Mayor had sent a Committee of two Aldermen to Morris Island with a formal surrender of the city. This is his note:

THE MAYOR'S SURRENDER.

To the General commanding the Army of the United States at Morris Island:

SIR: The military authorities of the Confederate States have evacuated this city. I have remained to enforce law and preserve order until you take such steps as you think best.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

CHARLES MACARTHUR, Mayor.

The boat which carried these Municipal Peace Commissioners (from the right side of the city) was stopped by the boat conveying Col. Bennett, and a conference ensued which ended more satisfactorily than the Hampton Roads ditto. Col. Bennett sent back a note acknowledging the receipt of the Mayor's, and promising to lend every possible assistance in extinguishing the fire then raging with uncontrollable fury.

THE NEGRO TROOPS ENTER CHARLESTON.

The first national soldiers that landed in Charleston in the capacity of masters of the Rebel city, were the South Carolina negroes (thank God!) of the Twenty-first United States Colored Troops. There was also a detachment of the gallant Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, who were the first negro troops to demonstrate on Southern soil the splendid fighting qualities of the colored race. They were the heroes of Fort Wagner, where Shaw lies buried "under his sappers," as the brutal ruffians reported. The Pennsylvania Fifty-second formed the rest of the forces of occupation.

Soon the Star-Spangled Banner floated from the tops of the Custom-house, the Citadel, and the Arsenal—waving for the first time here over free soil and a people free.

All the public buildings were immediately taken possession of, and detachments stationed to guard them.

OFFICERS IN COMMAND.

Gen. Schimmelpfennig commanded the Northern District of the department of the South, which extends from Charleston to Hilton Head.

Lieut.-Col. Bennett is Provost-Marshal, and Mayor Wilcoff, Assistant-Provost-Marshal. Two companies of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts are doing Provost-Marshal duty. At every public building the tidy negro sentinels can be seen, halting citizens, ordering them back, or examining their passes. They are well behaved gentlemen, and contrast very favorably with some of the Rebel citizens. I heard of one citizen, a woman, who complained of them as insolent.

"INSOLENCE" OF THE COLORED TROOPS.

"Do the Yankees trouble you?" was asked of this person.

"No," she said, "the Yankees don't; but your negroes do."

"They do not insult you, do they?"

"No, not me, but they do others."

"What do they do?"

"Oh! they won't turn out of the sidewalk for you, and they will go up to a white man and ask him for a light for their cigars!"

To appreciate this enormity fully, it should be known that it is a part of the unwritten laws of South Carolina that every negro on meeting a white person on the sidewalk shall give them the inside—or "the wall." Some seditious Yankees have probably advised the negroes of the fact that this *lex non scripta* is repealed, or at least played out.

Since one of our soldiers went into a Catholic cathedral in Mexico, and requested a priest to give him one of the tapers to light his cigar at, there has probably nothing been done by American troops so offensive to the feelings of the natives of a conquered country as was perpetrated when the first negro soldier stepped up to one of the sedons of the chivalry here and asked him for a light. "But things like this, you know, must be, after a famous victory," as the uncle of little Peter Klavay judiciously remarked.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FIFTH.

On Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, we heard prolonged and hearty cheering in a neighboring street. I ran in the direction indicated by the shouts, and found that the Massachusetts Fifty-fifth (Colored) regiment had just landed in the city.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

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Irish of Charleston, as a class, have been the enemies of the Union; but the Germans, with rare exceptions, have been loyal and true; while the English and Scotch have jealously preserved their own nationality, but, when not neutral, have been regarded as favorable to the North.

VISIT TO FORT SUMTER.

On Tuesday we accompanied Gen. Gillmore and Webster to Fort Sumter. Gen. Gillmore generously extended the coveted opportunity to visit the now classical ruin to a large number of loyal ladies and gentlemen. We went out in the W. W. Colt, which soon lay off the fort on the side nearest to the city. A steamer had sunk near the Fort. We landed in small boats, as the water is quite shallow there. The General and staff and some ladies landed in the first boat. The wall to the right of the fort, looking toward it with the back to the city, is about forty feet high, one corner being strengthened by heavy timber-work outside. In the center it is perhaps about twenty-five feet high on an average. This side, of course, has been less damaged than those which were exposed to the fires of the batteries on Morris Island and to the fierce bombardment of the iron-clads.

You enter through a very low passage-way, a hundred feet or so in length, and emerge into an area of about an acre. Viewed from the inside, the walls, or rather defenses, look high and are really formidable.

The fort originally was a pentagon, built of brick, stately and high. Every one is familiar with its external appearance before the insurrection. Its siege has revolutionized the art of military engineering. It is now shown that the old style of brick or stone-wall defenses are far less efficient than earthworks or lines of gabions. Gabions are large, deep, wider baskets filled with earth or sea or quartz sand. The brick walls of Sumter that faced Morris Island are almost entirely demolished; but behind where they stood are layers after layers of gabions, with terraces and bomb-proofs both for soldiers on duty at the guns on the parapets, and as quarters for the officers and men. The defenses average, I should think, about 100 feet in thickness. Every shell that demolished a portion of the exterior brick wall, therefore, only strengthened the defenses, as it tossed the brick from positions where it was of little use to make the interior lines heavier. Sumter reminds one of the innocent criminal, who told her confessor that she loved to be ruined.

The bomb-proofs of the sentinels and soldiers on duty are little steep holes, down which they ran and hid themselves as soon as they saw the smoke of the guns on Morris Island, remaining there until the shell exploded. The heavy siege guns are concealed and protected beneath these impenetrable defenses, and are worked in underground galleries. The quarters of the officers and men are also bomb-proofs—underground, or rather, underground rooms; commodious and safe, if neither commanding a good view nor extremely luxurious. The area is entirely unoccupied, with the exception of a railway which runs from the entrance toward the officers' quarters on the further side. To guard the fort against an attack on the sides that have been battered down, there are wires stretched along the parapets, and lines of chevaux-de-frise at the bottom to trip up and arrest the charge of an assaulting party. The fort, which looks like a ruin, is in its original state. On the left hand side, looking from the city, heavy timber works protect the old brick walls, which are quite high, but were badly damaged by the bombardment of the monitors under Admiral Dupont.

Here a pen description of such a scene is necessarily somewhat or exceedingly obscure, but those who desire to see how Fort Sumter looks from the exterior, can find accurate drawings of it in Gen. Gillmore's recent book on the siege,